

*Portfolio Movement Diary*  
*By Olivia Rose Doyle*

***30<sup>th</sup> October 2018***

Cold air burns my skin.  
Leaves rustle under my  
feet.  
River water trickles,  
And feathered creatures  
glide on the surface.  
Ripples multiplying.

I listen.

To a distant hum of  
cars.  
To trees creaking in the  
wind.  
And birds singing,  
Fleeting above from tree  
to tree.

She skips ahead of me,

Stopping sporadically,  
To detect unknown  
scents.  
Her face looks back at  
me,  
And I call her by her  
name.

***2<sup>nd</sup> November 2018***

Tiny blonde hairs fall  
from my arm,  
As a razor glides gently  
over it.  
He cleanses the area.  
A stencil is placed with  
care,  
And pressed firmly in  
place.

The needle is threaded  
into the machine,  
And dips into the black  
ink.  
As the first line scars  
my body,  
Pain spreads throughout  
the entire arm,  
Like venom infecting  
the bloodstream.

Stab, stab, stab.  
Multiple small  
vibrations inflicted by  
the machine.  
The flesh of my arm  
rippling at its touch.  
Red fluid seeps from the  
black.  
Blood and ink blending  
into one.

***3<sup>rd</sup> November 2018***

I open the door.  
He steps inside,  
And shakes the rain off  
his coat.  
We embrace.

Two bodies melt into  
one another.  
I look up at him,  
Pupils dilate.

Our lips touch.  
And he strokes my skin.  
Heat emanates from his.

I rest my head on his  
chest,  
His heart beats softly  
within.

Running his fingers  
through my hair,  
He breathes heavily.

And I exhale, along with  
him.

***10<sup>th</sup> November 2018***

Bright lights glaring  
through the window,  
I awaken.  
My eyes squint.  
Pain circulates  
throughout my head.

Struggling to sit up,  
I lean over the side of  
the bed,  
And pick up a cigarette.  
Fire erupts from the  
strike of a match.

I inhale toxicity,  
Exhale negativity.  
Watching the smoke  
exit my lips,  
It spirals.  
And I fall into a trance.

***11<sup>th</sup> November 2018***

My eyes blink.  
Images flash behind them;  
Of last words spoken,  
Sad faces crying,  
And a soul wandering into the unknown.

Voice trembling,  
I speak.  
Thoughts race.  
My hands shake,  
And chest tightens.

I reminisce.  
While sad songs play,  
And tears fall.  
There I lay,  
As darkness devours the sky once more.